

The MESSENGER of OUR LADY of AFRICA



Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER, 1940

VOL. 4

No. 13

MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our new American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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THE MESSENGER OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription, \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

My Top

Sister M. St. Denis

SOME OF MY PUPILS were playing on the verandah of the school. One of them, Nguliro Matolwe, came up to me and asked for a story about white children. He started by a casual question: "Sister, do they make their own tops to play with?"

"No. A little boy I knew, was given money by his father, he bought a top, asked his brother for a piece of string, and enjoyed his top for many a long day."

"Nguliro laughed, and in his bright eyes I could see that he was laughing at somebody, although certainly not at me; my boys never did that. "But then, Sister, that boy's top was not his own. I'll tell you about **my** top . . . When I was that big, (gesture) I once wished for a top. I grew bigger, and I really wanted a top. But there in my mountain village, there are no stores, and besides, money is not made to buy tops, but only food, and sometimes trousers, like when mine with patches will be a little more worn out.

"One day, as I was out for a walk, I was lucky enough to find a piece of iron. You know what I mean Sister, that kind of iron with which cases from Europe are bound. Of course I did not want to steal it, for it was my 'Neighbor's goods' I only pushed it off the path with my stick and left it between a large stone and the grass. I went away. I would not be a thief! . . . I waited a long time. Only three days later, did I go to have a look, and, oh Sister! my nice iron was still there, sleeping

on the ground near the stone! Of course it belonged to nobody, as nobody had come for it, we both went home together. I was so happy to own it, that I set myself to making a knife out of it at once. It was as long as my father's hand, and as broad as his thumb. I made a mark in the middle, the end that was in my left hand was finished, because there was nothing to be done to it, but how hard it was to work the other end! You could never have done it, Sister, it needed me, a man! Well, this is how I did it. I laid it on a broad, flat stone, then with a small pebble, you know, those small black ones that come out of Lake Tanganyika, I struck it hard for a long time. It flattened and really looked like a knife, except that it did not want to cut. Really Mama, it was hard. I rubbed it millions of times with another kind of stone, so smooth that it looks like water. I spat on it from time to time, because that makes it easier. Sometimes, just in the middle of my rubbing, the bell rang calling me to school or to Church and I went there thinking of my poor knife and my poor top, and poor me! But I tried to forget all that and to think of my lessons or of God, first because He does not like me to pray with a top in my head;

(Please turn this page)

School is Out!



secondly, because I always pray well. Two days later, after more rubbing and polishing, my knife was sharp, my dear knife, it did want to cut then!

"In Father Beda's School, there is a boy bigger than I, my friend Charlie. Somewhere nobody knows where except me, he has hidden a large piece of wood of the right kind for tops. Not the ordinary wood that women use for cooking, that would be useless, but real top-wood. I took some of that wood, and as Charlie is my friend, I only took, I did not steal. Now carving my top was easy work, because my knife did cut well! Both top and knife were in my pocket all day long, (my white trousers have a pocket,) and when I went to bed, my top slept with me, under my mat, close to my head. The top and I were, both of us, waiting for a string to wind it with. Oh! I can spin a top ever so fast! That kind of string is easy to make, Sister. I will tell you how, so that you can make some for yourself. I began on a Saturday, a half holiday. I cut a blade of sisal, there in the plantation where they wrote 'Mwiko kuitapo'; that means: 'it is forbidden to pass here.' It was Mr. Government who forbade it. He is afraid that children will prick their feet with the spikes of the sisal leaves. But I, I may go in, Mr. Government must not forbid me to go therel! I made the hard and stiff leaf sleep in cold water until the following Tuesday. By then it was no longer hard and stiff, but had become a handful of fine, long fibre, all juicy with the bitter sap of its mother the sisal plant. I stretched the fibre over a stone slab, and beat it gently with a stick. The sap oozed out and trickled down to the ground and into the sand. I let it go, for it was of no use to me. Then I made for the Lake to rinse away all the bitterness of the sap and that work needs the water of Tanganyika, clean, beautiful water as blue as the sky, although it is neither blue, nor white; it is the color of nothing at all.

"After that, my sisal fibres were like silk, long and soft, and as white as milk.

RWAZA, RWANDA

More and more malaria in Mulera regions. A district chief from around Lake Louhondo reported that eighty died there in one month. Another chief from the same environs arrived at the dispensary with one hundred men suffering from malaria. IT WOULD REQUIRE TONS OF QUININE TO RELIEVE THESE POPULATIONS.

I chose nine of them, the stronger ones that did not give way when I pulled hard, but only when I cut them with my sharp teeth. I twisted the fibres by threes, and then, three threes together, into a beautifully even twist.

"My string is very strong, no one can break it. Never! We, Black Boys, do not tie the string to a stick as White boys do it would make us awkward.

"Ever since, I play with my top every day. We love each other very much and nobody has the right to use it, unless I, Nguliro Matolwe, give him the right to, and say 'yes', because my top is my very own."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Ransomed Pagan Babies:

Miss R. R. Haggerty, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Mrs. F. X. Bonner, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Holy Childhood Club, Miss C. Slack, Boylston, Mass.
St. Hedwig's Convent, Detroit, Mich.
Blessed Virgin Sodality, St. Augustine's, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Immaculate Conception School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Support the Lepers:

St. Bonaventure's Seminary, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.
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Mrs. M. McCarty, Brooklyn, N. Y.
A Friend, Erie, Pa.
Miss L. Hess, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss A. Wall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For a Sanctuary Lamp:

Miss F. Kulpa, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. M. Grenier, Fitchburg, Mass.

Bread for the Orphans:

Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Kuldoshes, Dunellen, N. J.

FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver, golden jewelry and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed into a lovely chalice. Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of all sacrifices — the Mass.

CANCELLED STAMPS OF ALL KINDS

Tear them from your envelope with a little margin of the paper. As soon as you have a few pounds, mail them to:

White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

A Mustard Seed

SOME SEVENTY YEARS ago Ujiji was an important slave market. Today it is a large native town with a population of about 15,000 composed of natives from Congo and other neighboring tribes, Arabs and Hindus. They belong for the majority to the different sects of the Mussulman religion. Ujiji is the "Mecca" of Dark Africa.

It was only in 1929 that the White Fathers were called to Ujiji by the British government to take charge of the Boys' Central and Industrial School. Even then they were in no way allowed to speak or teach religion. Later on a Boys' Normal School and Minor Seminary were established and the Vicar Apostolic of Tanganyika took up his residence here.

When on the advice of Cardinal Hinsley the hospital was purchased by the Catholic Mission, (it is the most powerful and almost the only means of contact in Moslem land) the White Sisters were asked to take over its direction, replacing the Indian and Native staff.

Here the Mohammedans will not yet intrust the education of their children to the White Sisters but we enjoy their full confidence at the hospital and dispensary. Every morning two Sisters and Native infirmarians are kept busy with consultations and the distribution of medicines. The most common ailments are relapsing fever, malaria, hookworm, ankylostomiasis, bilariasis, etc. The most awful wounds and sores also claim our pity and help.

A great number of our patients would require thoroughly followed treatments but alas! our little hospital's capacity is twenty-four beds when forty and fifty would be needed! (I forget whether St. Paul said: "Charity does not count.") and patients are always more numerous than beds. What can be done when poor dying natives arrive from afar off begging, pleading for admittance to the hospital? We can only spread out a mat in between two beds for the last comers and thus instead of six, we very often have twelve and more patients in each small ward!

A poor woman came in yesterday and was told there was no bed. "Never mind, Mama," she replied, "I shall sleep on the ground." There she is now, sleeping rolled up like a bundle in a warm blanket. She calls herself the Sisters' child with the same right to that title as anyone, including the crippled boy, the half-witted

young pagan with the sleeping sickness, the leper always ashamed of himself . . . Where do they all come from?

From everywhere, the Uha hills, or the Malagarazi plains, and from all along the coast of the Tanganyika, some from a three, a five, or even a ten days walk. Some of them know they will never get better, but they are sure they will be given shelter, food and kindness. God sent them and guided them here to enable them to receive Baptism and by a holy death to see and praise Him forever.

Last year we started a Maternity home, and though these two little rooms are very humble and modest, more than one mother has benefited by the prudent medical assistance she has received here.

If war had not disturbed everything, we were planning on financial assistance from the government to erect a decent new building . . . but now . . . how long must we wait for more room and space to shelter these poor suffering members of Christ . . . we do not know!

This is our hospital work in Ujiji and already, though the buildings are small and needy much good is done. But how we long to be able to do more! Once these populations have experienced the benevolence of the Sisters and the efficacy of their remedies they very willingly come back to the dispensary and hospital. And so by gaining first the confidence of our Ujiji people we hope later on to win their souls.

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A Shepherd Boy

pecially the women, are plied with interrogations, and the "taibat" (employees at the Turkish Baths) are most useful, for they see all the girls who enter. "Is she slow to climb up onto the terrace?", that is to say: 'Is she a worker, serious-minded, not one to waste her time in loitering and looking about? Is she good-looking, active?"

If it is a town girl, they ask: "Can she keep house, sew, embroider, cook?" For a nomad, or a village girl, the query will be: "Can she grind the stone-mill that the women turn as they sing? Can she knead the dough, roll the white couscous, bake the brown bread in the 'tabouna' (oven made of dry earth by the woman herself); does she know how to card and comb wool, how to spin and how to weave? how to milk a cow and make butter in the 'Chekoua' (goat-skin churn which is hung between three stakes and swung to and fro with the hands)? is she of gentle speech so as not to cause trouble in the family," etc., etc. The father makes further financial enquiries; the mother, about beauty, the length of the girl's hair, her knowledge and capabilities.

For greater security, an aged member of the family is appointed spy - an old woman whose henna-dyed hair, dark-rimmed eyes and toothless mouth surrounded by deep wrinkles, calls up pictures of the witches or dwarfs of the fairystories of our childhood. A further trait of resemblance with them is that malice has grown with years. She will not lack a pretext for entering the girl's home, and will find ways and means of watching her, despite the custom that obliges girls of an age to be married to hide themselves from all strangers, even women. They are often veiled when nine years old and may no longer be seen except by brothers or uncles.

With clever diplomacy the old woman leads the conversation into the right channels, she proclaims the virtues and qualities of those who have sent her, and finally comes to the point and makes known her intentions. The girl's mother, no less prudent, makes answer: "If it is God's will, He will arrange matters. I will see what her father thinks about it, things are in his hands." And the old woman, long initiated into the methods of psychology, reminds her: "If **you** make things easy, all will go well!"; and the mother concludes with: "God does not marry on earth before marrying in heaven!" Formulae such as these come easily to the Arab tongue and hide more than one dissimulation under their piety.

How The

PRELIMINARIES. — The brown face of the little scholar or goatherd of yesterday has already the shadow of a moustache, and it is evident that the time has come "to put away the things of a child." The watchful parents hold consultation: "Is it not time for our son to be married before bad company draws him into misconduct or gambling?" - a very praiseworthy anxiety! The uncles of both families are called in, and a family council is held. The future wife must be worthy of the young man and chosen first among his cousins as the ancient custom prescribes, then among the allies or neighbors of the tribe.

According to Mussulman law, the family is patriarchal and constituted exclusively by the male descent. The wife is not included. Her sole role is to provide descendants, and her only title to consideration is that she is an indispensable instrument for the increase and continuance of the clan.

The choice made, information as to the character and aptitudes of the young girl in question is sought. The neighbors, es-

pecially the women, are plied with interrogations, and the "taibat" (employees at the Turkish Baths) are most useful, for they see all the girls who enter. "Is she slow to climb up onto the terrace?", that is to say: 'Is she a worker, serious-minded, not one to waste her time in loitering and looking about? Is she good-looking, active?"

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They Live

Marriage among the Mussulmans of North Africa

To reject a suitor is dangerous, as the Arabs are well aware, and they fear the revenge of wounded family pride. "Who dares to consider themselves our betters?" the parents of the despised candidate will say. And perhaps they will use witchcraft to prevent the girl from making another match. For instance, to give vent to their feelings against the girl, they will buy three nails, and pass them to a neighbor to be placed where the girl is sure to walk over them. That done, they will wrap the nails in some remnant of the girl's clothes, knock at her door with them on a Saturday night; and after that each nail is hammered into a wall, so that it disappears completely, while they say: "It is not a nail that I am burying for good and all, but so-and-so, whom I bewitch."

Or else, hairs of the girl's are mixed with pig's bristles (the pig is an unclean animal for the Mussulmans), rolled up tightly into a rag, and carried to a cemetery. The little packet will be buried in an abandoned tomb with the words: "Hail, Master of this tomb. You are forgotten in this grave; may this girl be forgotten for marriage."

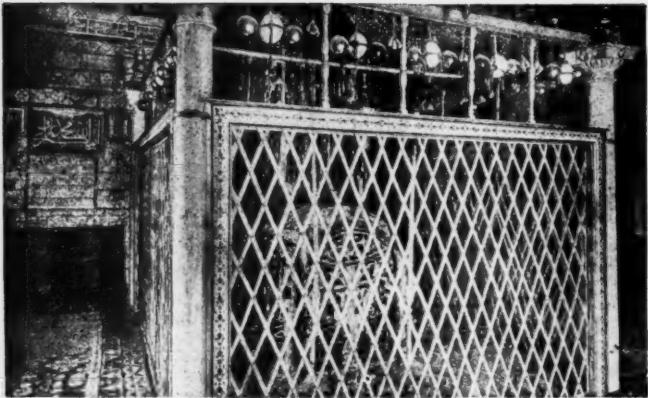
The Arabs fear this sort of thing because they believe in them, so they have weight with the father's decision as regards his child. Therefore if the reply is to be negative, an acceptable form must be found for it. Such would be: "Our daughter is too young," or else: "She has been promised to her cousin," or "She is already given away," and to this statement no further objection is made; or again: "I will give her on condition that she continues living here, with us." This is equivalent to a downright refusal, for few accept it. If, however, all this avails nothing, a Marabout (Mussulman minister of religion), or another influential person who will surely not be contradicted, is called in, and resistance ceases.

When at last a favorable reply has been obtained, a meeting is arranged between the two fathers and a witness. The cafe is the usual meeting place for the men; here they play cards and chat without too great excitement. Alcohol is forbidden by the Koran. After a certain amount of commonplace conversation between the two fathers, the witness addresses the girl's father to this effect: "Mr. So-and-so wants a girl of good birth and reputation from your home." His acceptance is expressed by: "Mabrouk! Be welcome! May God lead us onwards together in the right path!" And he goes on speaking very highly of his daughter's education and of the care her mother has taken to train her to all domestic duties. "I do not want to hear 'you-yous' (cries of joy uttered at a happy event by the women), and that she be taken to the 'Mahakma' (Caid's Court of Justice) for divorce or dispute to-morrow. Her mother and I have never set foot in the divorce court . . . Her mother-in-law must continue teaching and training her."

The boy's father replies to this effect: "The day your daughter leaves your home she enters mine; she will henceforth be my daughter and no longer yours; she is in my keeping and no longer in yours. When she will be spoken of, they will now say, 'the wife of so-and-so's son,' and no longer 'so-and-so's daughter.'"

(Please turn this page)





The Tomb of a Marabout Site of Many Pilgrimages

Thereupon the father of the future bride concludes philosophically: "We seek peace. Peace is what is best in the world. Peace is worth more than wealth." Then the dowry is discussed. The three to four hundred pounds of wool needed to make the big mattresses and the cushions is always over and above the dowry sum.

Then only, are certain declarations made, such as promising that the girl will make a yearly pilgrimage to the "marabout" (a local shrine), or the like. Should the **fiancee's** father omit any particulars about the girl, he would risk having to pay back the dowry received for her.

At last the agreement is concluded. Once again the men meet at a given time and place, which is generally the mosque. The assembly is composed of neighbors, friends, marabouts and any other personages they might be able to gather together.

After invoking the Prophet three times together, as a formula of oath taken by the

two contracting parties, the girl's father asks: "What conditions do you grant me?" "Ask what you please," says the other. Thereupon the dowry question is discussed again.

In Islam, marriage though always a contract, becomes a deed of sale. The wife is the object of it. She is given over to her husband, but the parents alone are the contracting parties. The wife's family sells; the other buys. It follows that the consent of the couple is indifferent to the validity of this contract, and the married woman belongs to her husband's family, even after death.

Once the conditions have been proposed and accepted, the ceremony of the "Fatha" takes place. With the gravity that characterizes all their religious acts, all stand up together and simultaneously they throw back over the shoulder the flap of their burnous with a graceful gesture. Then as one man they all lift their hands in blessing and recite the first Sourate of the Koran, adding: "May God bless this marriage! May God grant them to increase! May He grant peace between them until the day of the resurrection! May God give them a healthy prosperity!" The "Fatha" ended, the bridegroom's father kisses the bride on the head, and the kiss of peace is passed on, according to the same ceremonial.

Then a jug of syrup, made of sugar, orange flower and amber is brought in and all have a drink. This brings the

(Continued on page 136)

The Men's Rendezvous, the Cafe



News From Kisa

LAST YEAR in our May-June number we published the story of little Theresia - giving our Readers an insight on Wanyakyusa mentality and telling them of our plight at seeing this little girl whom we had saved from a certain death and brought up to a healthy and happy childhood on the point of being taken away by those who had first abandoned her. She would then be sold in marriage to the one who would give the highest dowry, (in this case the greatest number of cows) unless we could ransom her for \$20. thus restoring her to freedom and liberty to follow her vocation later on - a Catholic Marriage or Sisterhood - as she may choose.

An East Douglas, Mass., Sewing Circle ransomed this child and in the letter of thanks to these Benefactresses this photo was enclosed and the following anecdote which we are sure all Theresia's friends will enjoy.

This case is not unique - may it inspire more benefactors to this noble cause: The Ransom of a Young Girl to Give Her Freedom for Catholic Marriage or Sisterhood.



Theresia, with finger in mouth, stands with her friend Kathleen

*Kisa, Tanganyika, Territory
August 13th, 1939.*

Little Theresia looks somewhat shy, with her finger in her mouth. Her little friend Kathleen, looks at Theresia's new frock whilst hers is now fading. They both carry a doll in their arms. You should have seen these two heroines when they received their first dolls. It seems funny, but they ran away and refused to touch such curious things. Had they been black they would not have feared them. Soon they were used to the dollys and carried them on their backs as real Black mothers do . . . Of course, their children had to be named, so one chose Elizabeth, the other Isabella. You may believe both died very young.

Theresia and Kathleen have both very nice voices, once after Consecration a White Brother sang a hymn, these little ones joined in. The three voices harmonized beautifully.

I must tell you a story about Theresia. Our mischievous cat had torn some curtains during the night. The following morning, on seeing the harm done by the cat, the Sister called Theresia and showed her the torn curtains. "Well," she said, "you cannot do anything with the rags, give them to me." Putting them around her shoulders, she went in search of the cat and said, "Look here what you have done, you wicked cat, do you think that you would go to heaven if you died to-day. Far from that you would certainly go to Satan in Hell for having done such a bad deed." Then she went to the Sister in the kitchen, showed her what remained of the curtains and said: "You must not give the cat anything to eat and punish it. Since then the cat behaves perfectly well and Theresia is ever so eager to feed it.

Her friend Kathleen comes from a leper family, that means her father was a leper. He died when she was very young. For a long time the two girls lived together in the Mission, but of late Kathleen seemed to become leprous and she had to go to her mother. The Natives do not fear to come in contact with lepers, therefore this terrible disease is widespread. You scarcely find a family without a leprous member. Some poor lepers are very discontented others do not seem to mind it.

Sister M. Friedburga, W.S.

Guy de Fontgalland

By Lawrence L. McReavy, M.A.

PART III

"I shall come soon"

Chapter I

The Voice from the Grotto

GUY'S devotion to Mary, like his devotion to Little Jesus, had always been characterized by a delicious intimacy. She was not merely his mother, she was his Mamma. In one sense he was even more intimate with her than he was with the mother who gave him birth; for he had found that an earthly mother has her limitations. The one great fact of his life had to be hidden from her, because she was not equal to it. Whereas the Mother of Jesus, who was his too, not only shared the secret, but gave him strength to bear it.

While it was very kind of Jesus to share His Mother so, he felt that it was a pity more people did not realize the gift. Those five little orphans, for example, who had just lost their mother. "I'm going to pray to Our Lady," he said, "so that she'll make them realize that they've still got her, for she's also their mamma."

Nor did intimacy hinder respect. Somebody once remarked in his presence on the illness of a certain little girl, and added: "It's up to Our Lady to cure her."

"Up to Our Lady!" exclaimed Guy. "Up to Our Lady! There's a fine way to talk about the Queen of Heaven, look you!" He had that awe which comes only to those who have meditated long and deeply on her great prerogatives, who have studied in the school of the Hail Mary, and there learnt, as he did, "so many and such beautiful things."

One day, as they were coming up in the lift, his father said to him: "Guy, take your hand out of your pocket: it's a bad habit." Out came the hand. It was fingering a pair of beads. We are curious to know how often he did finger them, but he didn't even know himself, and for a very good reason. He never counted.

"How many Hail Marys do you say a day?" he once asked a lady: "how many rosaries?"



"Oh, I don't know . . . perhaps one . . . and you, Guy?"

He hesitated a moment, and then replied modestly: "You're quite right in not knowing, mademoiselle; I don't count with the Good God either."

But God does, and Mary does. And the Heavenly Queen was already preparing for her child servant a reward such as she vouchsafed to the simple devotion of Bernadette, when, fifty years before, she knelt telling her beads under the rock of Massabieille.

(To be Continued)

HOW THEY LIVE

(Concluded from page 134)

preliminaries to a close. The marriage is now decided. The bridegroom's father then defrays the cost of the first applications of henna, always used by the women in festive mood, and this is the pledge of the dowry and of the lawfulness of the mutual consent.

The gathering then breaks up, and news of the future union is taken to both families. The "youyous" begin, to be taken up again and again, as the various ceremonies of betrothal and marriage take place. The agreement is made, the syrup drunk and even taken to neighbors and friends for a sip.

In a lane of Tunis I once watched the making and distribution of this "Marriage Syrup." Whole loaves of sugar were dissolved in a large copper basin full of water, then a phial of rose essence was emptied into it. In sweetness and fragrance this first step of the matrimonial rite is brought to an end.

Sister George-Marie, W.S.

At Namdom, Gold Coast among the Dagaris there is a ciboria 13 inches in diameter, holding from 16 to 22 thousand hosts.

There is an average of one priest —

for every 20,000 of population in East Africa
for every 22,000 of population in Central Africa
for every 45,000 of population in West Africa.

N.B.—These statistics are pre-war, since then the number of priests has still been reduced, due to the mobilization of European Nations. "Da pacem Domini," and "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest that He send more laborers."

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Souk-el-Arba
Thibar
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Ouad' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghouat 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Kachebere
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Oujiji
Ukerewe
Ushiroombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

UGANDA

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisoubi
Nkozi
Roubagia
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenza
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiate.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?

See inside of front cover.

In the Sahara Desert, Visiting the Sick



In one year's time the Sisters
made
41,949 Visits to the sick
at domicile
and
5,568 were regenerated
"in periculo mortis"

